

body, and the jewel her boy sleeping before
 her; why
 after this shall she trouble about her
 husband? If it is
 a grown-up lad, the mother has no care
 for the king
 and his men for in her house is her son
 who brings
 the half-share from any king and men of
 them all.
 Or the son has been provoked by someone
 and the
 mother says to him : "* Eyes like Cupid and
 eye-brows
 like Hercules and a waist that is slim as
 Apollo's, my
 son, who provoked you, O Lion,"
 Naturally, these
 people thought that the life of a childless
 woman is no
 life, being no more than the hired bullock's
 labouring
 and labouring and, when it has finished
 labouring, lying
 down one day and dying. Children make all
 sorrow
 bearable. Sita Devi, the daughter of King
 Janaka, to
 swing her children, tied the cradle to the
 wild woods
 but spent her exile smiling. "Mine be
 poverty/⁵ says
 a mother of this folk-song, ""and mine many
 children
 and mine in addition my God's grace; and
 my God, be
 yours the thought of my poverty."

The following pieces record a
 conversation. The
 village gossip comes to a young woman who
 is too happy
 and tries to upset that happiness:

"Oh you with the ear-rings of gold,
 cutting fodder for your
 cattle, have you no care whatever?
 Your husband was
 smiling with another woman there!"

The young woman replies:

"Let him smile if he will, my mother, '
 the smiling Kedige,
 The fragrant flower which I own and
 wear, let her see
 for a moment."

A man with a handsome wife is casting eyes

on a dark
beauty. He is asked possibly by the same
old lady: